

The Sketch

No. 1164.—Vol. XC.

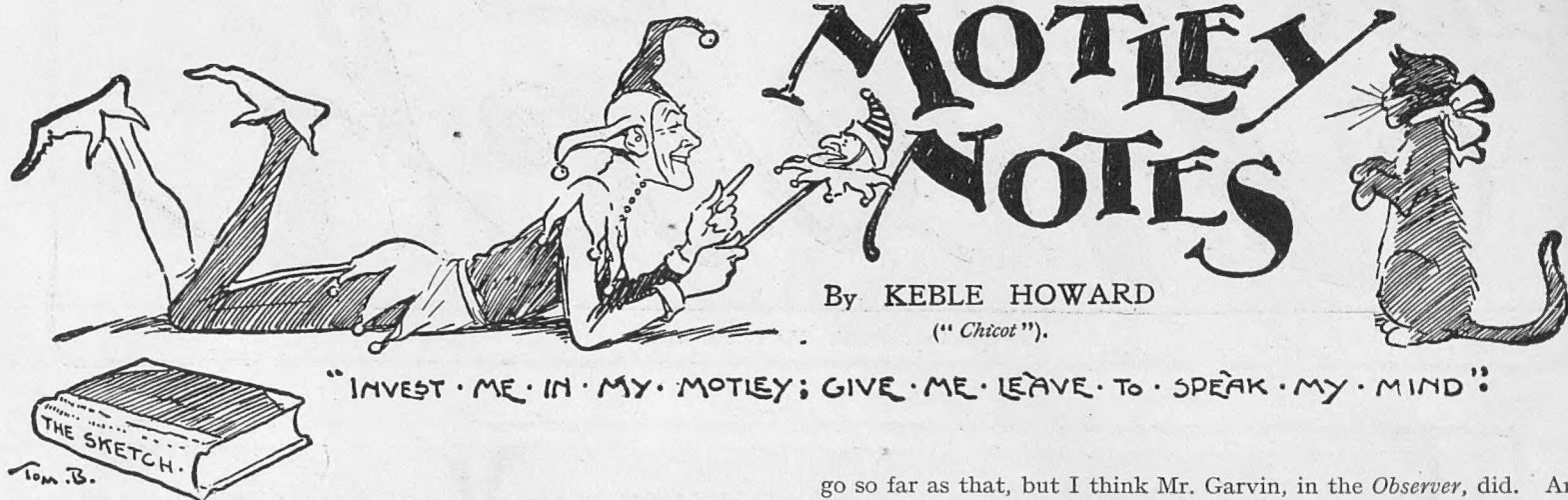
WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



ONE OF THE GAIETY'S PINK DOMINOES: MISS JULIA JAMES AS BEATRICE CARRAWAY
IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT."

There are three wearers of pink dominoes in "To-Night's the Night"—Beatrice Carraway; Victoria, her maid; and June. Numerous complications result.
Miss Julia James has proved herself very popular as Beatrice.—[*Photograph by Rita Martin.*]



The Real Turning-Point.

The sinking of the *Lusitania*, a military achievement comparable only with that glorious victory, the Black Hole of Calcutta, has changed everything. The other notable German victories—such as the tremendously heroic onslaught on the stones of Louvain, the desperate encounters with strong women and children in Belgium, the foolhardy but splendid massacre of British soldiers rendered unconscious by gas-fumes, and the dare-devil sinking of fishing-boats armed to the teeth with boat-hooks and pieces of bacon—left the stolid British nation comparatively unmoved. We deplored such acts, we said hard things about them (within the strict limits of our little vocabularies), but we regarded them as being, from the German point of view, more or less in the day's work.

It needed the sinking of the great, graceful *Lusitania*, packed with non-combatants, sweet with the laughter of little children, laden with innocent people who had entrusted themselves to the vasty deep with sure confidence in the brotherhood of humanity when battling with the awful forces of Nature—it needed that one thing to change the opinion of every living reasonable creature about the German nation. We have come to the turning-point. This is a civilian's war. Every man, woman, and child must be in it. There must be one tremendous concentration of unity and purpose until the thing is finished, finished, finished.

Value of Madness.

In parenthesis, I am distressed to note in certain journals requests to the public to keep calm, not to over-emphasise the tragedy of the *Lusitania*, and warnings of that sort. My very dear Sirs, there is no fear of the Britisher losing his head. He is far too self-conscious. There is not the slightest fear of an excited populace demanding escorts of cruisers and destroyers for merchant-vessels. We all know perfectly well that the cruisers and destroyers have other jobs to get through. Don't, I beg of you, ask anyone in this country to remain calm. Don't sacrifice the victims of the *Lusitania* in vain. They have died, but they may prove to be the saviours of humanity. If you will not fritter away the effect of that immortal martyrdom by talking about calmness to a people whose chief fault lies in their calmness, stupendous results may arise out of that summer afternoon's agony.

Universal Registration.

Up to the present, the civilian who could not enlist has been discouraged from taking any part in the war. Men over military age, or men whose conditions of life made it impossible for them to walk away from their homes as though wives and families did not exist, or whose physique made the question of standing in trenches of water for forty-eight hours utterly impossible, have been allowed to band together, unofficially, and wear a uniform which stamps them as not being soldiers in the real sense of the term. In the meantime, a favoured few, who happened to have influential friends, got attached to the Army or the Navy in some capacity, and probably proved themselves extremely useful.

The time for all that sort of thing—the sharply drawn line between the actual fighting-man and the non-fighting man—has passed. We are all fighting. Civilians are being killed every day. But we ought to regularise the vast mass of energy that is now being allowed to run to waste. It has been suggested, by Mr. Garvin, Lord Winterton, and others, that a huge register be made of everybody with an ounce of work in him or her. Lord Winterton did not

go so far as that, but I think Mr. Garvin, in the *Observer*, did. And the larger idea is the better. There is so much work that the non-fighting man could do even better than the fighting-man. It is always a little pitiful to see a soldier with a pen in his hand, for example. Thousands and thousands of men in khaki are doing clerical work, very slowly and with much anguish, that civilians could rattle off with ease in a tenth of the time and then look round for more.

Really, there is no sense in keeping the greater part of the nation idle when it wants, more than anything else in the world, to work for the war. I myself know fifty or a hundred men who would gladly go anywhere and do anything, from a hand-to-hand duel with the Kaiser to digging up coal, if only they received a little encouragement from the powers that happen to be. For heaven's sake, let us use the full strength of the nation, and not keep the business of conducting the war—and by that I mean doing the work of the war, great or small—in the hands of a few.

The Intelligent Civilian.

There actually is, if the War Office and the Admiralty could but bring themselves to believe it, a lot of brain in the country apart from the Services. There are a lot of clever heads on the top of bodies that are not clothed in khaki or navy-blue. It is difficult for a soldier or a sailor to believe this, but the fact remains.

It might even be possible to improve upon the Press Censorship. Some unemployed person might have such a brain-wave as to put this question: "Is it the height of wisdom to publish in all the papers, after a Zeppelin raid, the precise names of the places visited by the Zeppelin, and even allow maps of those places to be printed, showing precisely where the bombs fell?" We all know—at least, I should hope we all know—that the Zeppelins are gradually feeling their way to London. And we are good enough to help them by telling them just where they were on the occasion of the last visit. "You were at Southend, my dear Sir." "Ach, mein Gott, ve vos at Southend. Vare vos dot? Pring der map, Fritz. . . . Zo. Dare it vos. Gott pless der Pritish Press unt der Zensor!" Some impertinent civilian, I say, might have the wit to suggest that the papers should print Canterbury when they mean Southend, and King's Lynn when they mean Windsor. Because, with all humility, that might puzzle Mr. German when he gets his London papers in the morning.

Conscription?

We have been told, again, that we must not breathe the word "conscription." I don't know why. In a seaside town the other day I heard two young men, both well under thirty, both in civilian clothes, talking to a barmaid. After describing at length their prowess in the matter of drink, they related an encounter with the soldiers of the neighbourhood.

"We 'ad some fun, I tell yer. There was a lot of soldiers, an' they was chippin' us, and we was tickin' 'em orf! It wasn't 'alf a spree. . . . 'Ave another, 'Arry?"

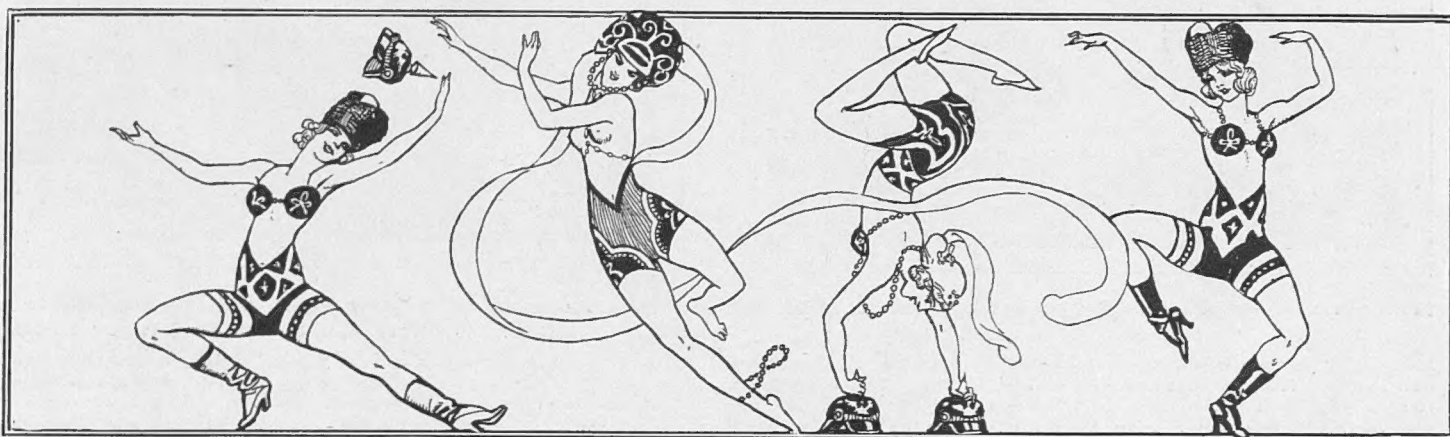
The argument is that young men of that type would not make good soldiers if they were compelled to join the Army. Wouldn't they? Ask the Sergeant. Ask the Corporal. Ask the other men in the company. They might sulk for a week, or a fortnight, or even a month; then the new batch of conscripts would come in, and our young friends would take a pride in dealing with the new hands as they themselves had been dealt by.

The only way to tackle a question of this sort is to study human nature. The authorities may, or may not, have thought of that.

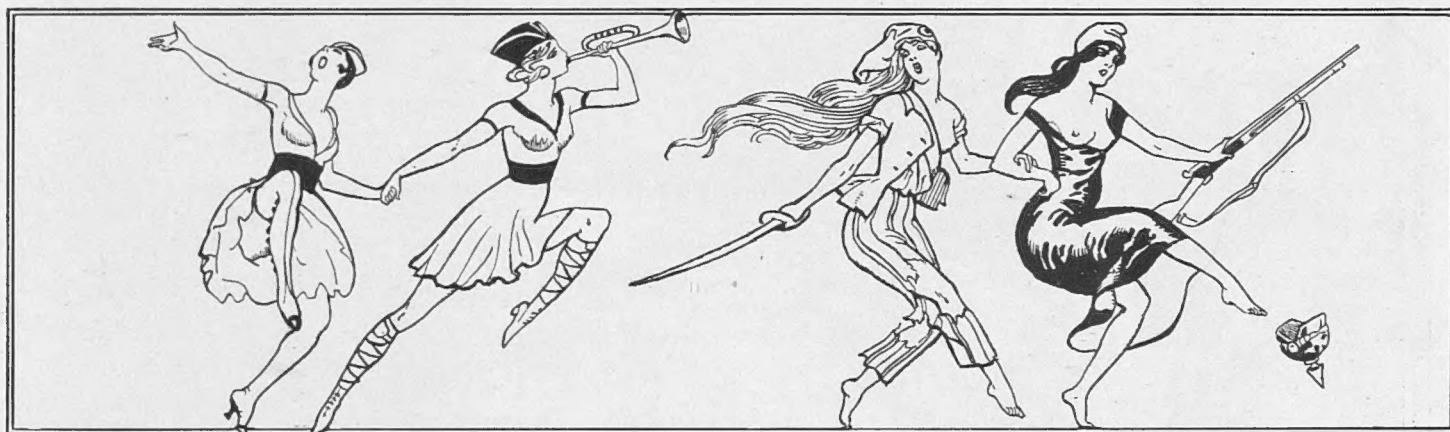
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE BALLET OF THE ALLIES.



THE HIGHLAND FLING AND THE HORNPIPE.



THE COSSACK DANCE.

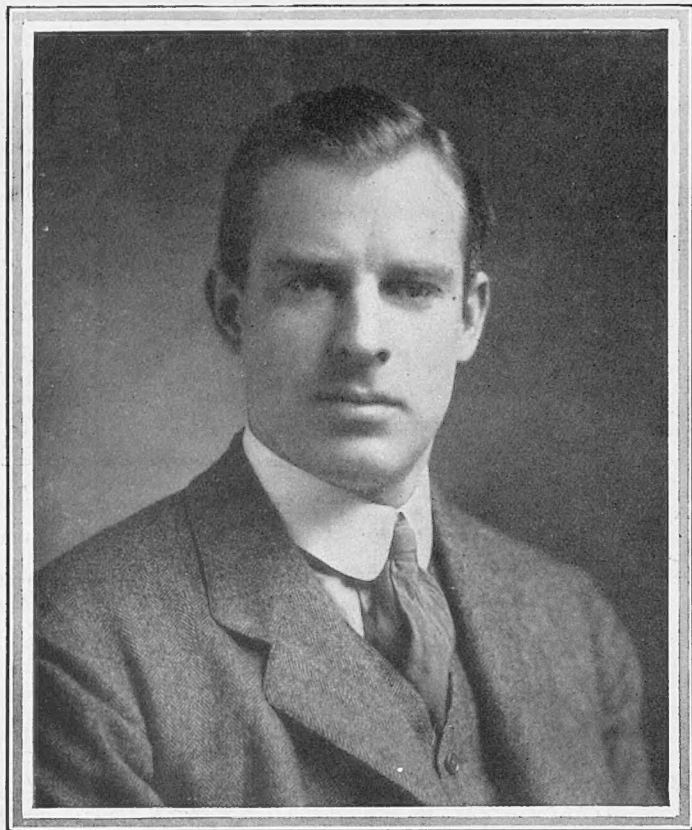


THE CARMAGNOLE.



THE GRAND FINALE.

SPORTSMEN-SOLDIERS; PROTESTANTS; SIR EDGAR SPEYER.



THE FAMOUS LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER WHO HAS BEEN KILLED IN ACTION:
CAPTAIN A. F. WILDING.

Mr. A. F. Wilding, the world-famous lawn-tennis player, who was Singles Champion from 1910 until last year, when he was defeated by Brookes, received a commission in the Royal Marines in September, was at Antwerp during part of the siege, and was promoted Captain shortly before he was killed near La Bassée while on observation work. He was born in New Zealand on Oct. 31, 1883.—Captain



A FAMOUS CRICKETER WHO NOW HOLDS A STAFF APPOINTMENT AT
THE WAR OFFICE: CAPTAIN PELHAM F. WARNER ("PLUM" WARNER).

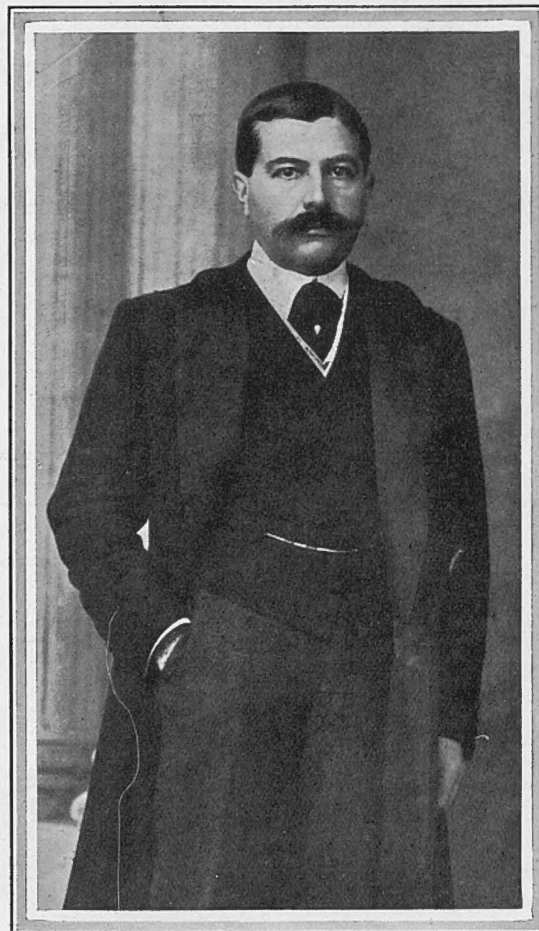
Pelham F. Warner is that famous cricketer "Plum" Warner, who has many sporting laurels, including captaincy of the Rugby Eleven for four seasons; a place in the team of the Oxford Eleven for two years; captaincy of the Middlesex Eleven since 1907; and captaincy of the M.C.C. Team in Australia for two seasons, and for South Africa for a season. He is a barrister, and was born at Trinidad on Oct. 2, 1873.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry, and Bassano.



THE WOMEN'S PROTEST AGAINST THE ENEMY ALIEN IN OUR MIDST: WELL-KNOWN
PEOPLE AT THE MASS MEETING AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

From left to right are seen the Duchess of Wellington, Lady Glanusk (making her speech), and the Lord Mayor. Lady Glanusk's husband was formerly in the Grenadier Guards. She herself is the only daughter of the late Major Warden Sergison, of Cuckfield Park, Sussex. The meeting in question was held at the Mansion House last week, was organised by Lady Glanusk, and was a "Women's Protest." In her outspoken speech, Lady Glanusk said: "Rid England of the blight, naturalised or unnaturalised." The meeting received the Government's decision as to the intern-



MUCH DISCUSSED: SIR EDGAR SPEYER, Bt., P.C.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

ment of alien enemies with only qualified approval.—Sir Edgar Speyer, who is coming in for much criticism, especially by the "Morning Post," was created a Baronet in 1906, and a Privy Councillor in 1909. He is a German by birth and education, as well as being a member of a firm with its headquarters at Frankfurt-on-Main. He married Leonora, daughter of Ferdinand, Count von Stosch. His activities in this country are numerous, including those of Chairman of the Underground Railways.—[Photographs by Topical, and Thomson.]

CAMP AND CRICKET-FIELD: AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE



BRIDE OF A WELL-KNOWN ETON AND OXFORD CRICKETER-SOLDIER: MRS. R. H. TWINING.

Mrs. R. H. Twining, whose portrait in her bridal costume we give, and who was married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on May 11, to Lieutenant Richard Haynes Twining, of the Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment) was Miss Ellen Irene Rosalind Tweed, daughter of Mr. Arthur James Tweed, of The Lodge, Brixworth. Lieutenant Twining is the second son of Mr. Herbert Haynes Twining, of 48, Ennismore Gardens,

S.W., and is very well known as a cricketer, having captained the Eleven both at Eton and Oxford. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Benson Sidgwick, M.A., Rector of St Peter's, Ashby Parva, Lutterworth, uncle of the bride, and the Rev. William H. G. Twining, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster, cousin of the bridegroom.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

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Mrs. Green Again. Evelyn E. Rynd. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
The Auction Mart. Sydney Tremayne. 6s. (Bodley Head.)
Behind the Thicket. W. E. B. Henderson. 6s. (Max Goschen.)
Jaunty in Charge. Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s. (Constable.)
As It Was in the Beginning. Iveligh Clyde. 6s. (Murray and Evenden.)
In Gentlest Germany—By Hun Svedend. E. V. Lucas and George Morrow. 1s. net. (Bodley Head.)
The Jealous God. Madge Mears. 6s. (Bodley Head.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lord Roberts. Mortimer Menpes. 2s. net. (Black.)
Lord Kitchener. Mortimer Menpes. 2s. net. (Black.)
The English Lake District. J. B. Reynolds. 1s. net. (Black.)
Scotland. J. B. Reynolds. 1s. net. (Black.)
London. J. B. Reynolds. 1s. net. (Black.)
War Time. (Verses.) Owen Seaman. 1s. net. (Constable.)
Men, Women, and War. Will Irwin. 3s. 6d. net. (Constable.)
Pan-Germanism. Roland G. Usher. 1s. net. (Constable.)
The Agony of Belgium. Frank Fox. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
Brazil in 1913. J. C. Oakenfull. 7s. 6d. net. (Butcher and Tanner.)

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN AMERICAN GLIMPSE OF EUROPE AT WAR.*

AS it has become impossible to talk or think about anything for five consecutive minutes except war, a pleasant little book like Mr. Irwin's should be sure of its welcome. It is a sympathetic collection of impressions, experiences, and theories by an American journalist who has been foiled, like every other journalist, of doing the real thing. He gives his readers a picture of Brussels shortly before the German occupation.

The Stopped
Clock.

"Everywhere you looked you saw how the clock had stopped on Aug. 2—the day when Belgium began her heroic fight." Posters falling ragged from the walls proclaimed the bill for the "week of August 2" and stopped; the "carte de jour" of that date still hung in the hotels.

To Battle in
a Taxi.

A sporting taxi-cab was found to take him and his three friends nearer the great reality. Through roads crowded with refugees they reached Louvain—"Louvain, the name that is written on the heart of the world." "Better keep out, Gov'nor," said the only Britisher they passed, in Cockney English. "We filmed a Belgian troop of cavalry going into action, an' filmed 'em twenty minutes later coming back with half the saddles empty." Yet the quest held them, and presently, after refreshments at an inn in a little square, their host rushed in with a flood of excited French. "Eight German soldiers had been seen—*par là!*" They went out, to see a bicycle shoot out of an alley, and behind it a man on horseback. "They wore grey uniforms. They wore spiked helmets—they were Germans. The man on the horse was tall, lithe, tanned to a brick-red. He stood looking over the populace with a kind of sarcastic smile. And suddenly both men unslung their rifles." It was the head of the line; they were to behold the passage of an army. Motor-cycles; bicycles; then troop after troop of Uhlan Lancers, dust-grey men on coal-black horses, "riding as though on parade" through the silent, motionless Belgian crowd. "A whirring, very irritating in that stretched silence which followed, sounded from above. We looked up. A heavy grey biplane, flying very low, was running overhead—the eye of the column. But a sound heavier than the ring of the hoofs came behind; and then—singing. Round the corner swung the head of an infantry brigade giving full voice to 'Die Wacht am Rhein.' They were singing in absolute time; they were singing in parts, like a trained chorus!" For three days that horde poured through without intermission, "until earth and air and sky became one great grey machine to manufacture death."

The Smoke of
Louvain.

That was Mr. Irwin's only great adventure with war. They saw Louvain once more from the train, and burning. A son of one of the hostages had shot the German Commander. It had been a signal for firing from the roofs. And the rest had happened as a matter of course. The rows of houses looked so orderly that not till they noticed the empty windows and the roofs all gone did they realise the desolation. But the Germans had spared the station so necessary to them, and had saved electric plant and wires.

The French Soul.

France will like seeing herself in the mirror of Mr. Irwin's enthusiasm. He thinks her the most innocent of all the fighting nations. Even her old vendetta for the lost provinces had faded to a romantic dream, he believes, and would never have stirred her to an aggressive war. The *blague*, the *risqué* posters, the cynicism all gone, France is left nobly human, ready under Joffre to—"Advance as far as you can; when you can no longer advance, stand and die!"

The British Calm.

And the English will like that picture of themselves, coming from the strain of great guns, misery, sights of death and wounds, at a loose, easy route-step, every strap, every button seeming in place, and *shaved!* That is how Mr. Irwin saw them, "and as they passed they scrutinised me with cool, Anglo-Saxon glances of distant curiosity. Not a face among them drawn, like the faces of the Belgians."

The Beau Sabreur.

But best of all they will appreciate the portrait of Field-Marshal Sir John French, "with his mixture of French and Irish blood which means genius, and his overlay of English blood which means stability," sitting in a little house near Ypres to solve a situation which was like twenty chess problems at once. And solving it brilliantly, by violating every rule of warfare! There is also a new and memorable glimpse of him going among his troops, the seasoned, veteran troops who resented the runaway fight that strategy imposed on them. As they rested by the roadside he went, refusing to let them rise and salute; "he sat down with them, told them if they would just keep it up a little longer he would promise them a fight. The muttering died down, the Army went on—backward." Later, at Ypres, French rushing in his motor-car from centre to centre of trouble and danger, rallying, encouraging, and personally holding his men to the task he had set them, reminds Mr. Irwin of Caesar, who also once plunged into the thick of things with a shield snatched from a soldier that he might save a great situation: "warfare has changed, but manhood and leadership remain the same."

* "Men, Women, and War." By Will Irwin. (Constable; 3s. 6d.)



COSMOPOLITAN CURES: A TOWN OF MANY TREATMENTS.

Harrogate.

Last week I wrote of the opportunity that would come to the British spas this summer to prove themselves the equals of the various foreign spas which will be out of bounds so long as the war lasts—and probably, some of them, for many years afterwards. During the past week-end I happened to be at Harrogate, which I always look on as our typical British spa, and I was able to see what preparations the authorities there are making to capture the health-seekers who usually go abroad, and to keep them faithful to British waters when the war is over.

Solid, Yorkshire Comfort.

Harrogate always to me conveys an idea of good, solid, Yorkshire comfort. The buildings are mostly of stone—stone that takes a pleasant golden colour with age—and the Baths and the Kursaal, and most of the hotels, look as though they had been built some hundred years ago, though the health-giving properties of the waters were only discovered in the sixteenth century, and the big bathing establishment, the Royal Baths, was built in 1897; while Sir William Ramsay, just ten years ago, proclaimed to the world that the sulphur-water is "radio-active." No spa nowadays can be really fashionable without boasting that it has radium in its waters.

The Old Pump-Room.

I have no doubt that the sulphur-water at the Old Pump-Room does benefit suffering humanity very considerably. I once underwent a three-weeks' cure at Harrogate, drinking the waters every morning, being pummelled under a douche at noon, and playing golf on the Pannal links every afternoon; and at the end of the three weeks I certainly felt ten years younger than I did when I went to Harrogate. The Yorkshire air very probably had a good deal to say to my rejuvenescence, for there are no keener and more invigorating breezes than those which blow across the Yorkshire moors and Stray at Harrogate; but I have no doubt the sulphur-water and the pummelling did their share in the good work. My doctor, when I first went to Harrogate, gave me a very careful diet to follow; but, as he asked me to dinner every third night and told me that the diet rules did not hold good in his house, and that I might drink champagne and eat venison if I liked under his roof, I do not think that diet really plays so important a part in the Harrogate cure as it does in most of the Continental cures. A man who ought to know assured me during the last week-end that the sulphur-waters were so beneficent that, by taking them, a man could be cured of all the ills that come from eating and drinking too many good things, and that he need not give up any luxuries of the table while going through the cure. I am bound to say that I have never heard a Harrogate doctor say this, but I

have not noticed in the menus of the Harrogate hotels any great leaning towards simplicity in dishes.

From Cure Place to Cure Place.

To go round the baths of Harrogate, as I did this week-end, under thoroughly competent guidance is to fancy oneself in turn at each of the best-known cure-places on the Continent. I peeped into a big room where sundry patients were inhaling, just as is done at Ems, and for a moment I could have believed myself at that pleasant watering-place where the old King William of Prussia turned his back on the French Ambassador, which was the sign to observers that the Franco-German War was inevitable. A few steps further down a passage and I was at Plombières, in the Vosges; a few doors further on took me to Aix-les-Bains. I drank Kissingen

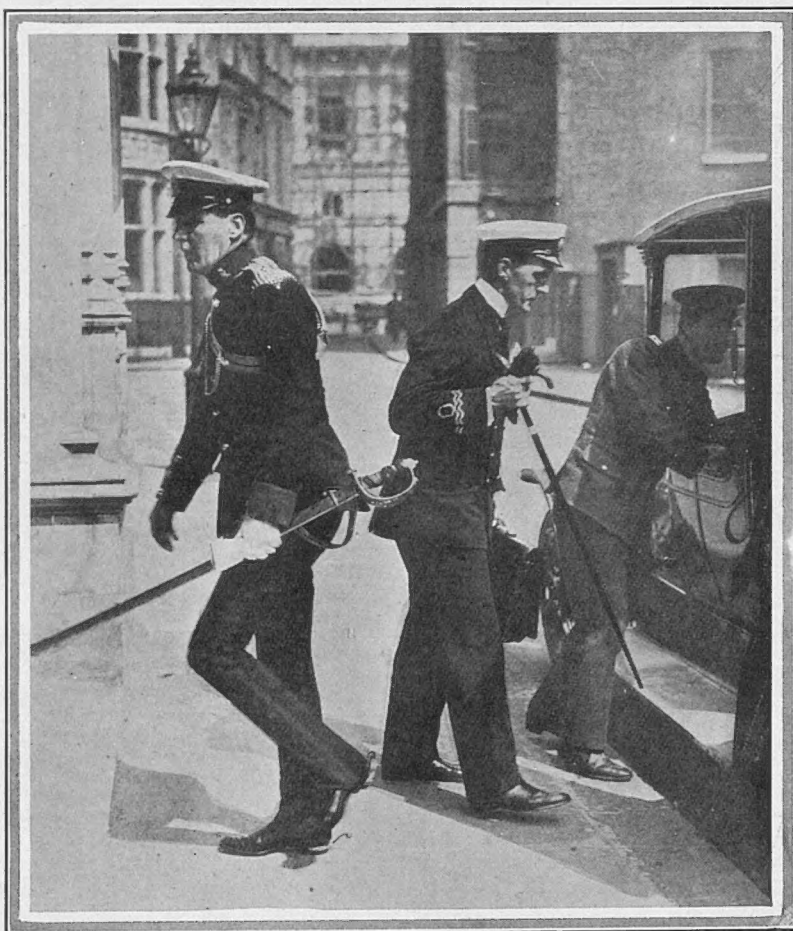
water at the fountain in the big hall of the Baths, and was offered magnesia and iron water as well, but thought that it was possible to have too much of a good thing.

In Carlsbad.

When I had climbed up an iron ladder to watch the mixing of the peat from the moor, and had plunged my hand into the velvety warmth of one of the peat-baths, I saw visions of Carlsbad in the pleasant days before the war, but felt glad that if ever I am ordered once again the warm luxury of these baths I shall know where to find them in England. I was shown all kinds of armour—at least, it looked like armour—in which the patients are enclosed for the hot air and electric treatments; and then, feeling that I had seen the machinery of as many treatments as one's mind could retain in one visit, I turned my steps to the Gardens and the pleasures of Harrogate.

Music at Harrogate.

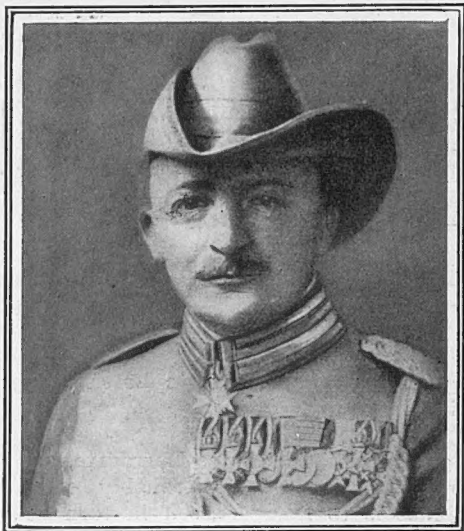
I listened to the band playing in the Winter Gardens at noon, and accepted the word of my guide that I should have heard music had I gone down to the Pump-Room in the early morning; and at night I sat in the Kursaal and listened to the Municipal Orchestra, and noted with approval that the promenade of the Kursaal forms a meeting-place for everybody in Harrogate, young and old, which is a step in the right direction, for most of the cure-places of England have no refuge out of the hotels for their visitors on a rainy night. Another matter in which Harrogate has very wisely copied the foreign watering-places is the establishment of a tea-house in the Valley Gardens, where the band plays on warm afternoons to an immense crowd of tea-drinkers. A daring innovation which is to be tried this summer is to send the water-drinkers out to breakfast a mile and a half away at an hotel owned by the Corporation, which will recall to many men those pleasant walks to breakfast up the valley at Carlsbad.



BROTHERS IN ARMS: MAJOR F. E. SMITH, P.C., M.P., K.C., AND HON. LIEUTENANT HAROLD SMITH, M.P., R.N.V.R.

The Military Court of Inquiry, formed by the Army Council to investigate certain matters connected with the British Empire Committee, resumed last week its sittings at Westminster. Major F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., is one of the members of the Court. He is the brilliant young Privy Councillor, K.C., soldier, and fine speaker who, for a time, was "Chief Press Bureaucrat." Latterly, he has been on service at the Front, and Mr. Winston Churchill, at a big meeting in Liverpool, said that his friendship was "one of the most cherished possessions of his life." Mr. F. E. Smith's brother, Mr. Harold Smith, Member for Warrington (Lancashire Division), is seen in our photograph, re-entering the car. He is an Hon. Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

WE LIFT OUR FOOT TO—



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANKE—FOR BARE-FACEDLY RESORTING TO THE SAVAGE CUSTOM OF POISONING WELLS IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.

Lieutenant-Colonel Franke, Commander of the German forces in South-West Africa, had the wells at Swakopmund poisoned by arsenical cattle-dip before the Union troops arrived. When taxed with the outrage by General Botha, he openly admitted it, but said that warnings had been attached to the wells. No such notices were found.—After



HERR DERNBURG—FOR TRYING TO POISON THE MIND OF AMERICA BY SOUL-ASPHYXIATING "GAS" OF PRO-GERMAN PREJUDICE.

the "Lusitania" outrage it was reported from Washington that Herr Dernburg, the egregious disseminator of pro-German propaganda, would probably be expelled from the States.—Enver Pasha, Turkish War Minister, threatened to send 26 British and 24 French non-combatants to the war-zone in Gallipoli, to be exposed to bombardment by the Allies.

Photographs by C.N. and Stanley Press Agency.



ENVER PASHA—FOR ADOPTING GERMAN "FRIGHTFULNESS" AND THREATENING TO SEND NON-COMBATANTS TO THE WAR-ZONE.



PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA—FOR ORDERING HIS TROOPS (ACCORDING TO REPORT) TO SHOOT BRITISH PRISONERS.

The charge against the Crown Prince of Bavaria, Prince Rupprecht, of ordering his troops not to take British prisoners, and having wounded British prisoners shot, rests on statements made by German and Bavarian soldiers to the editor of a Rotterdam paper and another well-known Press-man of that city, whose solemn declarations were sent to Sir Edward Grey by the British Minister at The Hague.—The Kaiser, as Supreme

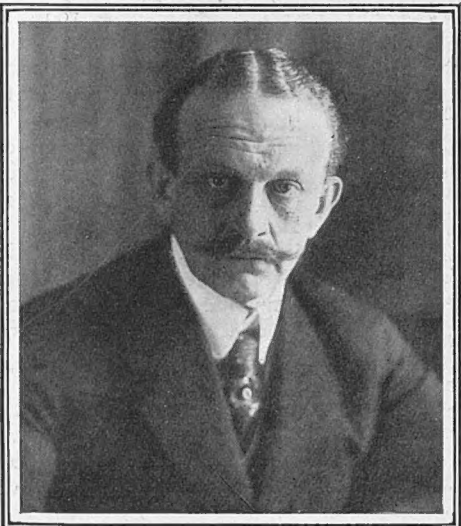


THE KAISER—FOR SANCTIONING BARBAROUS METHODS OF WAR, SUCH AS ASPHYXIATING GAS, AND DISGRACING THE GARTER.

War-Lord of the Germans, cannot escape personal responsibility for the barbarous acts which his Army and Navy have committed. His name has, by order of the King, been struck off the roll of Knights of the Order of the Garter.—Grand-Admiral von Tirpitz, the German Minister of Marine, recently celebrated his professional jubilee.—[Photographs by Stanley Press Agency and E.N.A.]



GRAND-ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ—FOR BEING THE ARCH-ASSASSIN OF THE GERMAN MURDER-ON-THE-HIGH-SEAS FLEET.



COUNT BERNSTORFF—FOR HIS CYNICAL INDIFFERENCE TO AMERICAN OPINION AS TO THE COLD-BLOODED "LUSITANIA" MURDER.

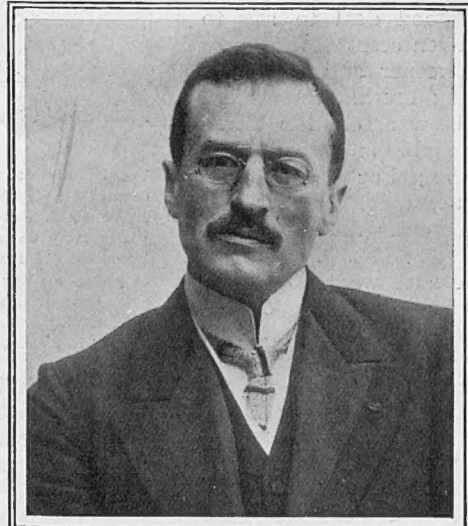
When an American interviewer said to Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, "the United States people think the sinking of the 'Lusitania' was a cold-blooded murder," he replied angrily: "Let them think!" and drove on.—Writing to the "Times" recently, Sir Valentine Chirol said: "Herr Ballin's



HERR BALLIN—FOR SUGGESTING TO THE KAISER (IT IS SAID) RUTHLESS SUBMARINE WARFARE AGAINST MERCHANT SHIPS.

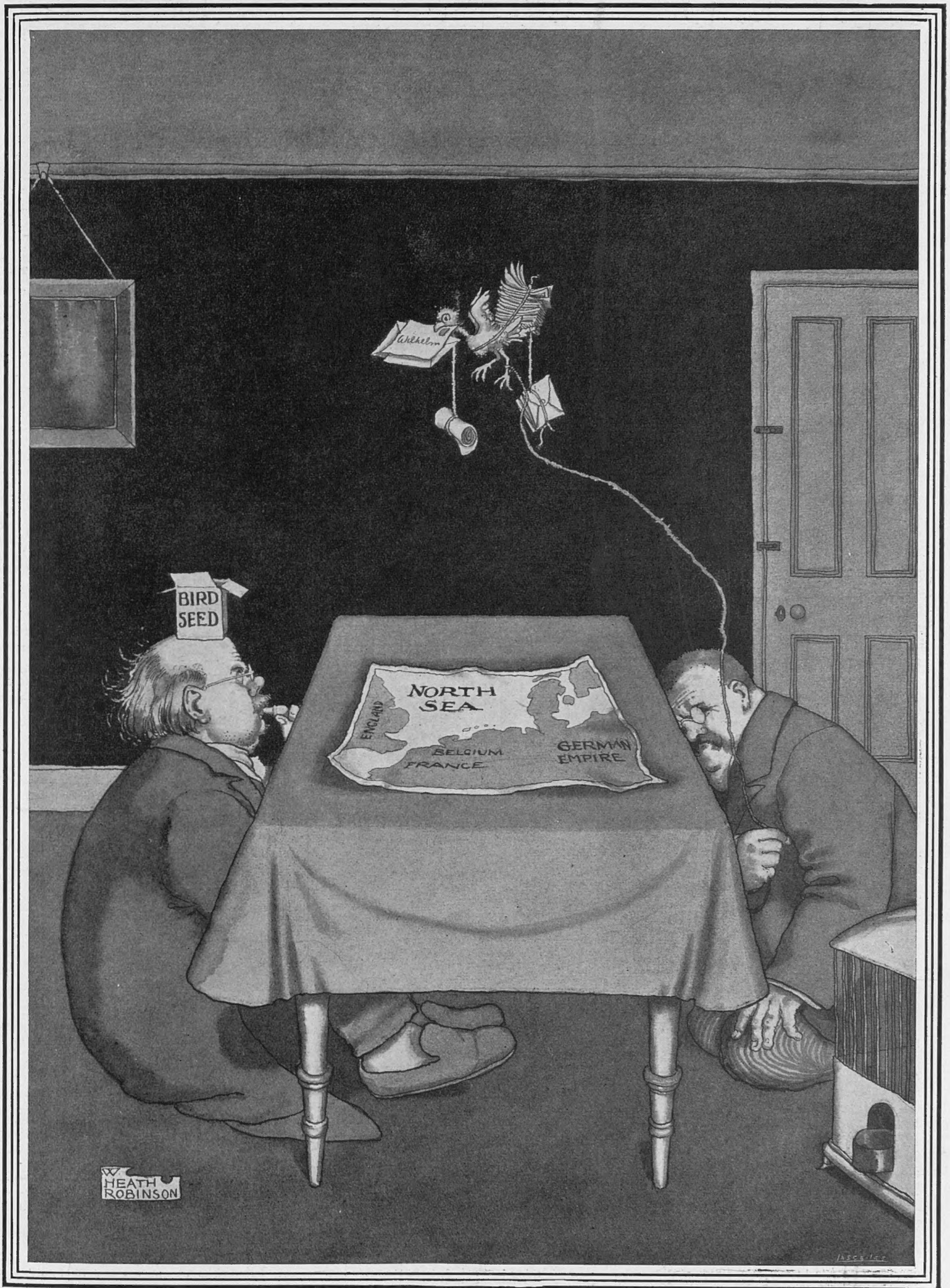
organs in the Press have loudly advocated ruthless submarine warfare against merchant steamers . . . and I have heard on good authority that his influence with the Kaiser went far to overcome the natural repugnance in professional naval circles."—Dr. Sven Hedin, the pro-German Swedish explorer, has received much British hospitality.

Photographs by Stanley Press Agency and Record Press.



DR. SVEN HEDIN—FOR HIS FAWNING ADULATION OF THE GERMANS AFTER RECEIVING SO MUCH BRITISH HOSPITALITY.

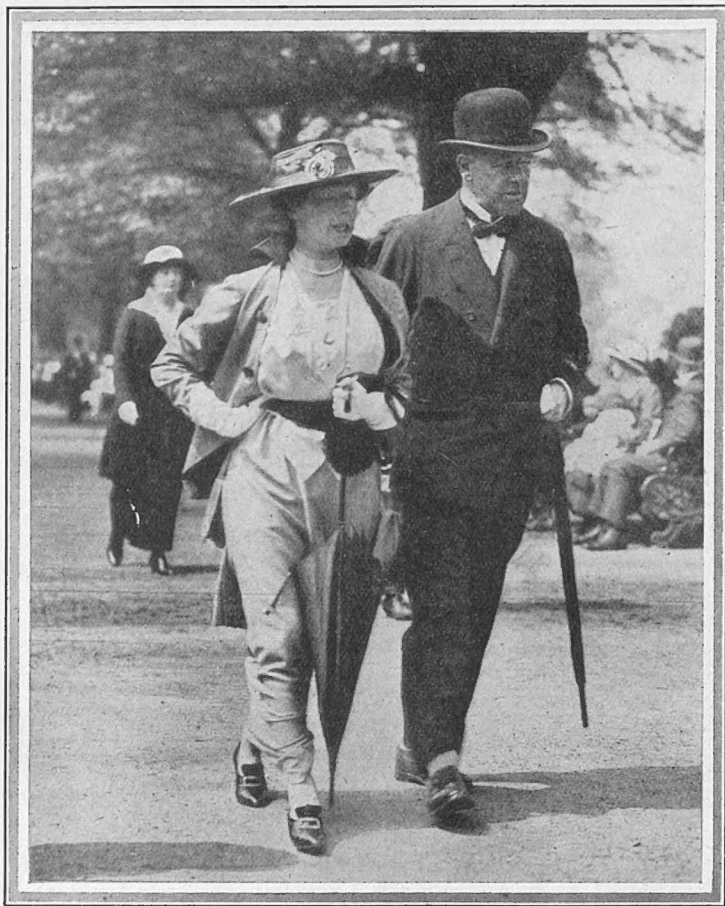
BEFORE THE INTERNMENTS.



GERMAN SPIES TRAINING A YOUNG CARRIER-PIGEON IN A LONDON BOARDING-HOUSE.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

SOCIETY IN THE PARK: SOME WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES.



COUNTESS FITZWILLIAM AND THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.



LORD RIBBLESDALE.



THE COUNTESS NADA TORBY.



LORD FARQUHAR.

Familiar figures are to be seen in the Park when the weather is good, although the Season is abnormally quiet. Our photographs show: 1. Countess Fitzwilliam (who was, before her marriage, in 1896, Lady Maud Dundas, daughter of the Marquess of Zetland) with the Marquess of Cholmondeley, who is Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England.—Lord Ribblesdale was formerly Master of H.M.'s Buckhounds.

Lady Ribblesdale was a daughter of Sir Charles Tennant, and Lord Ribblesdale's three beautiful daughters are the Hon. Lady Wilson, Baroness Lovat, and the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham.—The Countess Nada Torby is an ardent sportswoman, and is the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the Countess Torby.—Lord Farquhar is an Extra Lord-in-Waiting to King George V.—[Photographs by Topical.]

SOCIETY IN THE PARK: SOME WELL-KNOWN PERSONALITIES.



LADY WINIFRED RENSHAW.



VISCOUNT CHURCHILL (ON RIGHT OF PHOTO.).



THE EARL OF CALEDON (IN UNIFORM), AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.

The well-known people shown in our photographs include Lady Winifred Renshaw, sister of the Earl of Leitrim, who was married to Mr. Arthur H. Renshaw in 1899.—Viscount Churchill was Lord Chamberlain in 1902, and acted as Master of the Robes at the Coronation of King George, in 1911. He married, in 1887,

Lady Verena Lowther, sister of the Earl of Lonsdale.—The Earl of Caledon is a Lieutenant in the 1st Life Guards. The Duke of Teck is the elder brother of H.M. Queen Mary, and is Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle. The Duchess was Lady Margaret Grosvenor, daughter of the first Duke of Westminster.

Photographs by Topical.



SIR JAMES DOMVILLE, Bt., R.N.

ON May 3 the papers printed the first accounts of a series of running engagements fought in the North Sea two days before. It had been a Saturday afternoon and evening "scrap," and the story was somewhat confused. Apart from the net results (the sinking of a trawler and H.M.S. *Recruit* on one side and two German torpedo-boats on the other), the story conveyed little to the lay reader, and rather less to the expert. The "Navy List" as it now exists does not help very much in the elucidation of passing events at sea; and we had to be content with a certain knowledge of the destroyers engaged, and nothing more. The trawlers remained a mystery. Only last Thursday did the Admiralty, as if by an after-thought, publish the details, and the name of Lieutenant Sir James Domville.

turned at the outbreak of the war, and, appropriately enough, it was with a Lowestoft trawler that he engaged the enemy off the Noord Hinden light-ship. It is a small world even when peace keeps open

all its doors; it is smaller still in war time. We like it to be small; we like to think of a naval lieutenant sailing out, under the very windows of a house that is dear to him, on a boat he has watched during times of ordinary business, and with a crew that knows him for a young man of the neighbourhood. Here we have patriotism brought home to our sailors in terms of locality—the concentrated patriotism of a particular township.

We now know how well this

local patriotism served them. According to the Admiralty report, Lieutenant Sir J. Domville remained at the wheel after the skipper was wounded, personally worked the helm, and generally handled his ship in a seamanlike manner under heavy fire. He worked her in such a way that she escaped the torpedoes of the enemy, and he worked her so that his Petty Officer, Arthur H. Hallett, could make the best use of his gun. Not only did Sir James drive off the Germans, but he "took effective measures to call the attention of H.M.S. *Leonidas*, in order to convey to her the information which led to the subsequent destruction of the enemy vessels." The German boats were, perhaps, not very powerful, but that lightly armed auxiliaries should have fought them at all was highly creditable to the Navy, and to Lowestoft. It was a quarter of an hour unlike any other in naval warfare, and as exacting as Trafalgar for the few dozen men engaged.

In the Sea-Going Line. Sir James Domville is the son of an Admiral. Will Sir William, who died some twelve years ago, prove to be the father of another? He himself saw active service when he commanded the Naval Brigade at Suakim in 1885. Later he was appointed Naval Attaché to the Maritime Powers, a post for which his personal interest in many nations fitted him particularly well. It is not inopportune to recall that one lady of his family had married a German doctor of Bremen; that he counted Colonel Aspinwall, of Brookline, U.S.A., among his relatives; and that his favourite residence was Acqua Santa, in Palermo.

An Easier Crossing. Such are the ties, common to all, that have to be undone or bound faster in times of rupture. The Domvilles themselves are essentially English. They prove an unbroken descent, in the male line, from Hughes de Donville, who came over from Donville, near Avranches in Normandy, with William the Conqueror—a William who crossed without the opposition of the Lowestoft trawlers!

On the Prowl. In the first account it was stated that the Lowestoft trawler *Columbia* was, to start with, attacked and sunk by two German torpedo-boats. Other trawlers, we gathered, were in the vicinity, and one man from the *Columbia* was saved. The fight (as we now know it to have been) was then taken up by the destroyers *Laforey*, *Leonidas*, *Lawford*, and *Lark*. The last version of the story tells us something about the preliminary action between the trawlers and the German torpedo-boats, which is just what we wanted to hear. Trawlers, in their capacity as trawlers pure and simple, have no business off the Noord Hinden Light-ship at a time when enemy torpedo-boats are reported active; but trawlers converted into armed Admiralty scouts have every reason to be on the prow. Sir James Domville was prowling in the *Barbados*.

Juniors. His armed trawler was with three others—the *Columbia*, under Lieutenant-Commander Hawthorn; the *Miura*, under Sub-Lieutenant Kersley; and *Chirsit*, under Sub-Lieutenant Stapleford. The prowlers, in other words, were in very junior hands, all the officers except Sir James Domville belonging to the R.N.R. And when, after a quarter of an hour's fight, the *Columbia* was sunk, the British Navy in that choppy stretch of North Sea was, until the arrival at top speed of reinforcements, in charge of a Lieutenant and two "Subs."

The Spirit of Place. Sir James himself is twenty-six. He received his Lieutenancy in 1911 and retired to the emergency list in 1912, the year of his marriage to Miss Kathleen Charlesworth. She is the daughter of a gentleman well known in Lowestoft, and has lived for the most part at Gunton Hall, within call of the sea-birds and the whistles of the fishing fleet. It was to Lowestoft, then, that Sir James Domville's thoughts

Sir James Domville, of H.M.S. "Barbados," distinguished himself in the attack made on May 1 on that ship, the "Columbia," "Miura," and "Chirsit," by two German torpedo-boats. The "Columbia" was sunk, but the torpedo-boats were followed and destroyed. The Secretary of the Admiralty announced: "The engagement lasted about a quarter of an hour, when the enemy broke off the action. . . . Lieutenant Sir James Domville, 'Barbados,' remained at the wheel after the skipper was wounded, personally working the helm, and generally handling his ship in a seamanlike manner under heavy fire, to avoid being torpedoed." Sir James Domville married, in 1912, Miss Kathleen Agatha Charlesworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Arthur Charlesworth, of Gunton Hall, Lowestoft, and their little daughter, Valerie Josephine, was born last year.

Photo. of Sir James Domville by Lafayette; and of Lady Domville, by Keturah Collings.



SPECIALLY PRAISED FOR
GALLANTRY: LIEUT.
SIR JAMES HENRY
DOMVILLE, Bt., R.N.



LADY DOMVILLE.

INTERESTED IN "QUEEN ELIZABETH": BEAUTY-QUEEN MARY.



WIFE OF AN OFFICER OF H.M.S. "LIZZIE": VISCOUNTESS CURZON.

Viscountess Curzon, Beauty Queen of the Earl's Court Tournament of a while ago, is the wife of Viscount Curzon, eldest son and heir of Earl Howe. Lord Curzon is a Commander in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and is at present attached to H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth" (the "Lizzie" of the A.B.), on active service in the Dardanelles. Viscountess Curzon, who was, before her marriage, Miss Mary Curzon, daughter of the late Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, was married to her cousin, Viscount Curzon,

in 1907, and has two children—the Hon. Edward Richard Assheton Penn Curzon-Howe, born in 1908, and the Hon. Georgiana Mary Curzon-Howe, born in 1910. Richard, Earl Howe and first Baron Howe, the famous Admiral Howe, succeeded his brother, as fourth Viscount, in 1758; in 1776 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in America, and for his gallant professional services was created a Peer of Great Britain in 1782.—[Photograph by Yevonde.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

WHEN Miss Iris Tree sat to Augustus John she did so somewhat in the spirit of adventure. He is an artist who plays pranks, sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose: the result, which might have been horrid, was delightful. Miss Iris Tree may, perhaps, claim some merit for the success of the brilliant portrait; she is brilliant herself, her looks carry conviction, she has a line of her own. At the private-view the portrait was the one exciting thing to look at, and was bought immediately. Who, people asked, was the clever snapper-up of a treasure? The answer might have been taken for granted—Sir Hugh Lane. It was the last picture he bought in London, on the eve of his fortnight's visit to America.



HELPING POLISH VICTIMS OF THE WAR: LADY EMMOTT. Lady Emmott is the wife of the first Baron Emmott, who was created a Privy Councillor in 1908, and raised to the Peerage in 1911. Lady Emmott is one of the Patronesses of the Polish Victims' Relief Fund, for helping the mass of Poles who are homeless and on the verge of starvation through the war.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

he thinks he is going to be drowned. How often Sir James's late manager must have heard those words pronounced in make-believe by Miss Pauline Chase!

The Sargentine Republic.

The first three responses to Sir Arthur Pinero's suggestion that naturalised Germans should proclaim their disapproval of Germany's conduct of the war came from Sir Felix Semon, Sir Carl Meyer, and Mr. Leopold Hirsch. Two of these three, besides being British subjects, are members of the Sargentine Republic. The great painter's picture of the Carl Meyer family is one of the most brilliant of his canvases, and the "Mr Leopold Hirsch" is thought by some to be a masterpiece.

The Banshee at a Discount.

R.N.V.R. after a fairly hot



TO MARRY MR. H. B. LEES SMITH, M.P.: MISS JOYCE ELEANOR HOLMAN.

Miss Holman, whose engagement to Mr. H. B. Lees Smith, the Liberal Member for Northampton, is announced, is the daughter of Mr. S. H. Holman, of Highgate, and St. Margaret's Bay.

Photograph by Vandyk.

The Great Adventure.

In his obituary tribute to Mr. Frohman, Sir James Barrie made no allusion to the last words supposed to have been uttered by his friend. "The greatest adventure of my life," somebody thought Mr. Frohman said when he saw death was inevitable. Sir James must have recognised the original: "It will be an awfully big adventure," says Peter Pan when

Mr. Westenra has got his commission in the time with his company in action, and a fairly stiff period of training at home. His letters show an inherited aptitude for description; he is a true son of the Lord Rossmore who was responsible for a genial and irresponsible book of memoirs that appeared a few years ago. It was in that book that we learned how the Irish peer made it, for a few days, the ambition of his life to walk on the ceiling like a fly, how he attempted to burn down Sandhurst, how he had been tempted, to the point of accomplishment, to throw men out of windows, and drive a cart over a precipice. Among the Irish possessions of the Rossmores is a banshee that calls "Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore" when disaster

threatens a member of the family. Lord Rossmore does not take it very seriously.

The Greatest Man of Her Time.

Miss Jane Addams, who is being welcomed by the American women of London on her return from The Hague, has a reputation in the States second to none. Other people have talked about Chicago, mastered its problems in theory, and attended to its needs on paper: she has taken the actual work in hand. A distinguished American, asked by an Englishman to name the greatest American man of the age, answered, "Undoubtedly, Miss Jane Addams."

Mr. Winston Churchill's critics are not so lynx-eyed as their all-absorbing prejudices might be expected to make them. They pounce on a two-days holiday—at the Front!—but miss the evidence of the First Lord's literary distractions. The *Times* obituary notice of Mr. Rupert Brooke was signed "W. S. C.," and not one reader in a hundred guessed their meaning.

Khaki and Flowers.

Last week a little crowd gathered round the statue of Joan of Arc in Rouen. Three long-limbed British officers had clambered on to the pedestal and were paying Joan the compliment of flowers—a huge wreath of malmaisons and lilies. "De la part de trois officiers anglais" ran the inscription on the card. They were Captain G. A. O'Callaghan, Captain H. G. Gregorie, and Captain Patrick Butler—all sons of British Generals: Sir Desmond O'Callaghan, General Gregorie, and the late Sir William Butler. And when the wreath was fixed, the crowd cheered. It was, perhaps, the first tribute from khaki to the armour-clad Maid.

The Garrick's Sacrifice.

The slacker who boasted he had done his share, having given two cousins and an uncle to the Army and a brother to the Navy, might be out-classed in true inward feeling by the members of the Garrick Club if they cared to enter the arm-chair competition. Early in the war an important member of the club's staff left to serve with the French Army. He was wounded, and during his convalescence, found out—so to speak. His omelettes showed genius, his soups were a revelation, with the result that he was commandeered for the French Headquarters Staff. Thus Garrick Street can boast a sacrifice, and every member feel that he has given his *chef* to the cause—and General Joffre. "An army marches on its stomach" is Napoleonic.

DEMANDING THE INTERNMENT OF ALIEN ENEMIES: THE COUNTESS OF LANESBOROUGH.

Lady Lanesborough, who is a daughter of the late Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, V.C., K.C.B., is a member of the committee whose President is the Duchess of Wellington, and Secretary, Lady Glanusk, for demanding the internment of male enemy aliens of military age, and the removal to thirty miles from the coast of all other enemy aliens.

Photograph by Swaine.

DEMANDING THE INTERNMENT OF ALIEN ENEMIES: THE MARCHIONESS OF SLIGO.

Lady Sligo is on the Committee of which Lady Glanusk is Chairman, and the Duchess of Wellington President, formed to demand the internment of all male enemy aliens of military age, and the removal of all other enemy aliens thirty miles from the coast. Lady Sligo was Miss Agatha Stewart Hodgson, of Haslemere, before her marriage to the Marquess, then Earl of Altamont, in 1887.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS JOYCE ELEANOR HOLMAN: MR. H. B. LEES SMITH.

Mr. H. B. Lees Smith is the Liberal Member for Northampton and a specialist on Indian subjects and economics. He is also Chairman of the Executive Committee of Ruskin College, Oxford.

Photograph by Vandyk.

Territorialisms.



HOW YOU FEEL.—III. WHEN WIELDING PICK AND SHOVEL IN DIGGING YOUR FIRST TRENCH.

DRAWN BY STAN. TERRY.

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

THE PATRIOT (NATURALISED)!



ONE OF THE GROUP: Now, Mr. Jones, what's your opinion of the war?

THE OUTSIDER: Mein dear shap! We shall bead them all right: we shall lig them into some cogged 'ats -- those damt Shermans!

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE LOAF OF BREAD.

BY BART KENNEDY.

"NO, I can't let you 'ave the bread," he said to the woman. "I don't get it for nothing."

The woman had asked, in a halting way, for a loaf on credit. She turned from the counter and walked slowly towards the door of the shop. It had been hard for her to ask, and it was harder still to be refused. She felt almost as if she were going to drop.

But just as she was turning the handle of the door her courage came back to her. She would try again.

"Look," she said, going back to the counter, "I'll pay you on Saturday. It will be all right. It—yes—it's the War."

The man in the shop looked at her. He had hard, light eyes, and a stubborn face. His hands were partly whitened with flour.

"The War," he said harshly. "There is a war, of course. I know all about that. But that's no reason why people shouldn't pay for what they get. I've got to pay for what I get, and people 'ave no right to want things from me without they've got money. When I deliver goods I must get cash. It's the only way to do business. If I did otherwise, I might as well put up the shutters."

"But——"

"If you're so 'ard up as all that," he interrupted, "why don't you go and get 'elp? There's lots of places. Giv'ing things for nothing isn't my game."

"I've no one belonging to me in the Army," she said. She was an oldish woman who lived in a cottage by herself. "And," she continued, "I don't want the bread for nothing."

"It's the same thing—I never gives trust."

After she had left the shop the thought came to him that perhaps it would not be so very easy for her to get help after all. There was something in what she said about her having no one belonging to her in the Army. But it was not his affair. Besides, she was not much of a customer of his.

Another customer came into the shop. She was a stout, florid woman, who had come to buy a loaf. He put it on the counter before her as she laid down the fourpence. But she did not take it up.

"Well, aren't you goin' to take it?" he asked.

"No," answered the stout woman. "Weigh it first. I wants me weight."

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her to take herself and her fourpence somewhere else, for he was one who prided himself on his spirit when dealing with certain customers. But he thought better of it. He weighed the loaf reluctantly, whilst the woman kept a sharp eye on the scales. It was quite short in weight, and he had to add a fair-sized piece to bring it up to the two pounds. As he did this he reflected upon the fact that the best customers were those who had the bread left at their houses when his cart went the round—for then there was no question at all concerning its being weighed! People who wanted their bread weighed were a nuisance. There were not many of them, it was true. As a rule, they took the loaves that were handed to them over the counter without any bother. It always irritated him to be asked to weigh bread—though the law required it to be done if the customer wanted it.

For a while no one came into the shop. It was the slack part of the day. And his thoughts began to run idly here and there. Suddenly the War came to his mind. It was a big war, a terrible war—so the papers said. But this little place where he lived was as quiet as ever it had been. Once or twice he had seen soldiers on the march, going by his shop-window. And occasionally aeroplanes passed overhead. But that was all. As far as the place itself was concerned there might have been no war at all. The only really noticeable thing was that there were not quite so many young fellows about. But—this apart—things were much as they had been before. Prices, of course, had gone up; but that had not affected him. He was doing much the same as he had ever done.

There was a good deal in the papers about what the Germans had done in Belgium, and so forth. And it was said that if they were to get over to England they would do the same thing. But the war had been going on now for some time, and nothing had

happened. And he was sure that nothing could happen. He could not have told, of course, how he knew that nothing could happen. But he was as sure of it as he was sure that he was in his shop. Though he was a man who had never had any training in the handling of arms, though he hardly knew one end of a gun from the other, he was utterly certain that everything was all right for England. The Germans would never be able to get over!

He turned to the desk that stood to the left side of the window and began to go over his accounts. He liked doing this, for the reckoning up of figures always pleased him. It appealed to a certain mental trait he possessed. He was continually reckoning up the amount of money he had out—for, despite what he had said to the woman who wanted the loaf of bread on trust, he gave credit to some customers. But he was skilled in the art of knowing to whom it was safe to give credit. He had hardly ever made a bad debt during the whole time he was in business.

He got the big ledger that lay at the bottom of the drawer of the desk. It contained the record of the trade he had done since he had first come to the shop. And going through it gave him a pleasurable emotion, for the business had been far more profitable than the size of the shop would seem to warrant. There was money in turning flour into bread and selling it—if one only knew the right way to go about it!

He had not made a lot of money. But he was all right. He was four hundred and thirty pounds to the good. Four hundred and thirty pounds, exactly! Not a great sum—but, still, comfortable. He had always been a careful man.

Too careful, perhaps, he sometimes thought. For he had never married. But it was no great matter, after all. For he was a man who had never got on particularly well with women.

Women! Well, they weren't a great deal of account. They were an expense and a bother, and a man could never get at what they were up to. Besides, if he had been married, he wouldn't now have over four hundred pounds in the bank!

Another customer came in. It was a lanky, talkative girl of about sixteen.

"I wants a loaf, Mr. Jimkins," she said quickly. "And, say, Mr. Jimkins, 'ave you 'eard about them aeroplanes? There was two of 'em passed over the big meadow this morning—this morning early. Did you 'ear about 'em?"

"No," he answered, passing the loaf over the counter and taking up the money.

"Will you give me a piece o' paper to put round the loaf?" she asked.

He handed her a sheet of an old newspaper which he took from a pile that lay on a shelf behind him.

"As I was a-going by the Grey Dog just now," she said, as she wrapped the loaf carefully in the paper, "I 'eard Jim Ellis a-talkin' about it to Billy Jones—'im as tried to be a soldier and couldn't pass the doctor. They 'ad just come out of the door of the Dog after 'aving a drink, and I 'eard what they were talkin' about. It was about them aeroplanes. 'Ave you 'eard about 'em, Mr. Jimkins?"

Mr. Jimkins became interested. He had the underlying feeling of wonder concerning aeroplanes common to everybody.

"I didn't 'ear of them," he said. "Where were they going to?"

"Oh, to Chatham."

"Who said so?"

"Who said so?" repeated the girl. "Well, I don't— But they must 'ave been going to Chatham if they were going over the big meadow. The one that went over the meadow last week was going to Chatham. Miss 'Obson said so. Poor Miss 'Obson! I 'ear she's 'ard up."

Jimkins started slightly and looked at the girl. The woman to whom she referred was the woman whom he had refused to let have a loaf on credit but an hour ago.

"'Ard up?" he said. "'Ow do you mean?"

"Oh, 'ardly got anything to eat. I 'eard Mrs. Jones a-tellin' mother. Awful 'ard up she is. But—oh, well, I wonder what it is like to ride on an aeroplane? I'd like to go on one."

[Continued overleaf.]

W. O. AND ADMIRALTY, PLEASE NOTE.



IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT THE WAR OFFICE SHOULD SUPPLY OUR SOLDIERS WITH SPOTTED AND BLOTCHED UNIFORMS. TO RENDER THEM LESS CONSPICUOUS. DISGUISES OF VARIOUS SORTS MIGHT ALSO BE CONSIDERED, ON THE LINES INDICATED BY OUR ARTIST.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

So the woman was very hard up. But that was in no way his business, thought Jimkins. Still, not to have even bread to eat was a bit rough. And all at once there came to him a strange impulse. He had never had such an impulse before, and it astonished him. It was nothing more or less than to send a loaf of bread to Miss Hobson by the gossipy, talkative girl.

He took a loaf from the shelf and put it in front of the girl.

"I want you to do something for me," he said in a curious voice.

It did not seem to him as if he himself were acting in the matter at all. It was as if some power outside were making him do this thing. He had never given anything to anybody. It was instinctive with him to get all he could, and to keep all he got.

The girl stared at him. His voice and manner surprised her. Something must be the matter with Mr. Jimkins!

"On your way home I want you to call on Miss 'Obson," he said, "and I want you to give 'er——"

He stopped. He wanted to tell the girl to give the loaf to Miss Hobson. But something seemed to prevent him from saying it. Something had risen within him that was fighting the impulse that had come to him to give her the bread. And this something was growing stronger. And suddenly the impulse died away. He felt that he had been a fool to think of giving away something for nothing. No; he would not send the loaf!

And he took it up from the counter and put it back on the shelf behind him.

"Never mind," he said in the harsh voice that was usual to him. "It doesn't matter. I won't trouble you."

He turned his back to her and went to the desk and began to turn over the leaves of the big ledger. The girl looked at him, wondering what the matter was with him. But that he did not want to listen further to her talk was plain. So she left the shop.

How foolish he had been even to think of sending the loaf of bread to the woman who had asked him for credit! It wasn't the value of it, he assured himself. No, not at all. It was the idea of giving away something for nothing.

"Why didn't you let the woman have the loaf when she asked you for it?" a voice seemed to say. "Why didn't you let her have it? She would have paid you."

He looked around. There was no one in the shop, but he could almost have sworn that a voice had spoken to him. It was a strange voice. In a way it seemed as if some other part of him were speaking.

He began to get nervous. Something must be the matter with him! And the thought came to him that perhaps he himself had spoken without knowing it. He was a man who lived alone, and he had got into the habit of speaking to himself. But he had never known himself to speak without knowing that he had spoken. Had he really done this now? No, of course he hadn't. It was just his fancy. But he felt nervous, for all that.

Again he was turning over the leaves of the big ledger. But

he felt ill at ease. He felt as if something were coming to him—something terrible.

He was unable to shake the feeling off. Something terrible was surely coming! Of late he had had strange fancies in the darkness—in the dead of night. But this was broad daylight. Why, the sun was shining full through the window. It fell upon the loaves of bread, giving them an almost golden tinge.

"You get something for nothing," said the voice again. "Men go and fight for you. Men are killed so that you can live your selfish life in peace."

Terror was gripping him. There was no mistake at all about it now. He had certainly heard the voice.

And there was no one in the shop.

There was no fancy at all about it. He had heard it as plainly as he had ever heard anything in his life. There was nothing wrong with him. He was in the full possession of his senses.

But upon him was the fear of death. And what was this that was coming? He had no idea. He only knew that something was surely coming towards him!

He looked out through the window, and there came to his ears what seemed to be a faint buzz from a great distance. It had in it something of the sound of a hornet—as if a hornet were coming from a long way off.

As he listened, the terror that was upon him suddenly left him. The sound grew and grew. It fascinated him. It seemed to draw him.

He knew what it was now. It was an aeroplane!

The sound grew louder and louder. It filled the air and the street and the shop. It entered into everything: into the panes of the window, into the shop, into the shelves and their contents, into himself—a sound menacing and dreadful and sinister.

It had now become a great, vast, immense drone. A drone with death in it. A drone that had something in it of the destroying, concentrated sound of a mighty furnace.

Fear was again upon him. He was afraid of this frightful coming sound. He turned his face from the window. He put his hands up to his ears to shut out the tremendous, enveloping, menacing sound.

"Go out!" commanded the voice. "Go out!"

Mechanically he went round the counter, through the door, and into the street. But he did not look up. He was all but paralysed with fear.

"Look up!"

It was the compelling voice!

He obeyed. There was the aeroplane. He could see it distinctly. It was just passing overhead. Something was coming from it—a small object, growing bigger and bigger as it came. He watched it, fascinated. As it came the sunlight gleamed upon it, giving it a certain tinge. To him it almost looked like a loaf of bread that was falling.

It fell just by him, shattering him to pieces.



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DRAWN BY RADCLIFFE WILSON.

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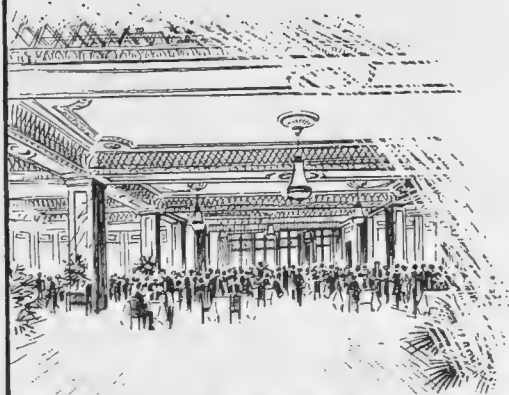
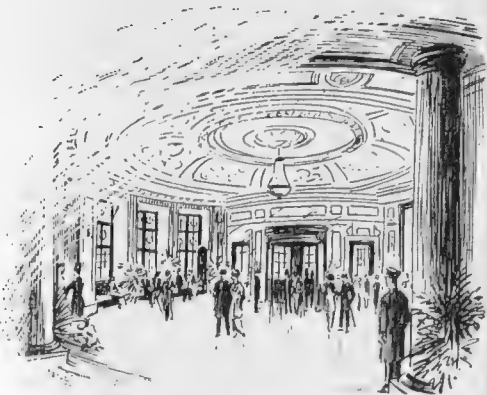
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**WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, SPECIALLY WRITTEN BY
MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., TO MR. M. TURRELL, ENQUIRY OFFICE,
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The REGENT PALACE HOTEL

PICCADILLY CIRCUS
LONDON, W.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Women Surgeons and the War.

The War Office and the British Red Cross began, it is notorious, by pouring cold water plentifully on all the ladies who at once offered their services as doctors or surgeons, or were willing to supply whole hospitals organised and staffed by women. We English would not hear of them; but they were eagerly snapped up by France, Belgium, and Serbia, and have everywhere been of the highest value. But no one who knows anything of officialdom need be surprised that the powers that be have, without ceremony, stopped the Scottish Women's Hospital on its way to Serbia, and detained the ladies at Malta to doctor our own wounded. Up to now, the attitude of the medical body in England towards women has been not worthy of a great profession. They allowed women students to study and qualify (after severe battles), and then, when they started to practise, received them with derision and contempt. Many even refused to meet a woman doctor in consultation. This attitude, I am sorry to say, was peculiar to Great Britain. In the well-known French novel, "Princesses de Science," we see that the great Parisian doctors are most friendly to women students and practitioners; and in Russia there are multitudes of women surgeons at the front. In America, of course, there is no prejudice against the lancet in feminine hands. Perhaps, during the course of this war, and after it, it may dawn on the male consciousness that a woman is not really such a *quantité négligeable*, after all.

How the Germans Make History.

It is the constitutional Suffrage Societies which have worked so hard in sending out fully equipped women's hospitals and ambulances, and hence a natural mistake, perhaps, on the part of the Hun. Numbers of simple Germans are under the impression that the English Suffragettes are crossing the Channel in large numbers to fight in the ranks of the British Army. Their comic papers are much occupied with this legend, which would, after all, only be in accordance, if it were true, with their own Scandinavian mythology. Miss Christabel Pankhurst attired as Brunnhilde should certainly meet with their æsthetic approval; yet only the other day I saw a copy of *Simplicissimus* which contained a very ungallant picture of Suffragettes and a German whale. The origin of this legend is as simple as that of the famous "Russian" one of last summer. A specially fine and well-equipped motor-ambulance was sent out by the "London Society for Women's Suffrage" in the autumn, and on it was painted in large letters the name of the donating society. This would be quite enough for the strange beliefs and rumours which are generated by war, especially among our Teutonic foes, and no doubt the enemy thinks that ambulance is attached to a battalion of "Suffragettes."

"The Freedom of the Seas."

The Germans are, it seems, above all anxious to possess the "freedom of the seas," and to this end they genially proceeded to sink a vast passenger-ship crowded with American girls, young brides, old gentlemen, and small, pathetic children. I do not think the world will welcome a conqueror who uses the seas for such a purpose. "Our future lies upon the water!" boasted Wilhelm II. on a famous occasion. By sunset on Friday, May 7, 1915, Germany's future lay, together with the *Lusitania*, at the bottom of the sea. She cannot lift her head again for a hundred years. Decent folk will turn and shrink from a German face and a German accent. We shall not forget, neither we nor the Americans, whatever may be the immediate result of this outrage. Its barbarity, however, is equalled only by its stupidity. Germany was justly proud of her fleet of splendid Transatlantic passenger-ships; the prosperity of her one great port, Hamburg, depended on this well-organised traffic. Are they naïve enough to suppose that English, Americans,

French, Russians, Czechs, Belgians, or Italians will ever—or at least for a couple of generations—set foot on any of their monster liners again? No one alive to-day old enough to understand the infamy of that sunny afternoon in May will embark—even when the Great War is long past—on any of their *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* or their *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*. Except for the German-Americans, their Transatlantic passenger service is dead beyond recovery.

On Committees.

Anyone of a humorous turn can get a certain amount of amusement out of the vagaries and moods of ladies' committees just now. Most of us, in these strenuous times, have served on all sorts, from the austere and business-like ones, manned by veterans, who are ruled with a rod of iron by their chairwoman, and whose lips are eloquent with agenda and amendments, to the quite charming and irresponsible committee of beautiful ladies who gather round a Belgravian table and all talk at once. I must say these latter are agreeable to gaze upon, if a trifle inconsequent in their manner; and they have, moreover, a remarkable way of "getting things done" with an apparent absence of effort—much like their menkind "over there," who, we are told, accomplish marvels without rhetoric or fuss. Though hats are worn at rakish angles, and the faces underneath can many of them be seen in counterfeit on the walls of the Royal Academy, these pretty people are out to accomplish things, and they do it. Then there is the committee at which no one turns up except the secretary and a couple of vague members, who are both pathetically anxious not to commit themselves so far as to take the chair—an exalted position which they appear to think is as dangerous as a throne. But whatever the psychology of the committee or the outward appearance of its members, it is usually quite as efficacious as the man-made article.



THE SPRING HAT IN CHARMING VARIETY.

On the left is a hat of very dark-green varnished straw, ornamented with a wreath of white silk roses and leaves, from which falls one of the new square veils of white Brussels net with a hemstitched border of dark-green chiffon. The centre model is one of the fashionable small sailors, with a white glacé brim and crown of black-and-white ribbon forming a check. Two wings made of jet bugles are placed at the front of the crown. The novel little hat on the right has a brim of tête-de-nègre taffeta cut out in scallops, and a crown of beige tulle with bands of tête-de-nègre ribbon tied in a bow at the top.



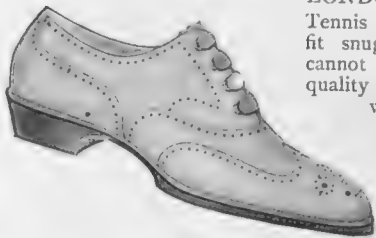
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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Works, Not Words.

Nothing in our language can express our loathing and detestation of our devil-posessed enemy's methods. Therefore people are working, not talking. Women are being careful that no sixpence finds its way to the men, or their wives, who should be serving their country and are not. Those slack, ease-loving people who had young chauffeurs are getting rid of them, determined that soft jobs at home shall not keep them from service. A league of rich ladies has determined to be served in no shop by young men, unless assured that they are ineligible for service. Another league of ladies calls upon the Government to send its young clerks to fight or work in munition factories, and put women in their places. On the subject of the alien enemy in our midst, too, the hardening is very apparent: men are at long last turning them out of their business organisations. City caterers have been warned by influential clients that they will withdraw from their restaurants if Germans, Austrians, or Hungarians are seen in them. Women who were sorry for women of German, Austrian, or Hungarian birth living here, and went out of their way to be nice to those whom they considered inoffensive, will not now shake their hands or exchange with them ordinary courtesies. Hardening is apparent everywhere, if we except some of our public men, and they stand a good chance of going if they do not congeal: the country is losing patience with their dangerously easy-going methods.

An Heir.

Lord and Lady Ellesmere will receive many congratulations on the birth of Viscount Brackley, their son and heir. He has made his entrée after four sisters. His mother, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Lambton, niece of Lord Durham, has lost one brother, and had another wounded in the war. Lord Ellesmere is serving his country in military capacity: he was Colonel Commanding the 3rd Battalion Royal Scots when war broke out, and is, I believe, now concerned with East Coast defence. The little heir had a little cousin baptised the other day, the child of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Lambton, born after the death of her young hero father fighting with his regiment, the Coldstream Guards. This little girl is the solace of her handsome young mother, widowed while she was yet a bride.

A Brilliant Audience.

The Queen looked very handsome at the matinée at the Palace Theatre last week, wearing a soft and pale-blue embroidered crêpe-de-Chine and taffetas dress. There was a vest and collar of old-ivory toned lace in which glittered some diamonds, and a diamond-and-sapphire brooch was worn. A deep-creamy toned hat trimmed with white ostrich-feathers completed the costume. Princess Mary looked very girlish and charming in pink relieved with white, and wearing a white taffetas sailor-shaped hat, trimmed with white ostrich-feathers. It was good to see her real enjoyment of the play, and it was splendid to hear their Majesties cheered when they entered—by no one more enthusiastically than by the 400 wounded soldiers, guests of the Queen, in the amphitheatre. The King looked very

well, and the whole royal party were most appreciative of all the points in the dialogue as the play progressed. Earl and Countess Grey were there, and Lady Lansdowne was in a box: she started the Officers' Families Association at the time of the Boer War, and did splendid service with it in the only possible way—silently and tactfully. Lady Hope, whose daughter is the wife of the Earl of Kerry, helps Lady Lansdowne in the work. Lady Blythwood was there; and that veteran sportsman, the Earl of Harrington. Lady Bessborough I saw, and many other well-known people, with still more unknown, who swelled the proceeds to a very satisfactory four figures.

A Crèche for Mothers.

So many girls between the ages of twenty-three and thirty-eight want to avail themselves of a year's training in military hospitals, with living under military discipline, and earning £20 a year and their keep, washing, and travelling expenses, that they think it would be a

good plan to lump their mothers together and have a crèche for them where they could amuse and look after each other. Parents are the stumbling-block; the father says, "Your duty is to be with your mother," and mamma says, "I want your help and companionship; I cannot spare you." Well, it is hard lines on daughters, for, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, papa departs this life having made quite inadequate, if any, provision for girls; while mamma still keeps them tied, being, as she would say—and feel, poor dear—so lonely now. "Honour your father and mother" is a grand old command, but one which many parents by unconsci-

ous selfishness make it difficult to obey. Tradition has prepared them for releasing and equipping their boys; but girls, poor things (and there are such hosts of them), must be unpaid companions and often household drudges, and at the long last be left to look after themselves unless they marry—a prospect which will in future be more circumscribed than ever.

We regret that in our Issue of May 5 it appeared under a photograph of the giant fourteen-ton Underwood typewriter used for exhibition purposes at the Panama Exhibition, that the cost of building the typewriter was £2000. The cost was actually £20,000.

Kipling-readers (and who is not one?) will rejoice to note that eight more volumes of the handy little "Service" edition have now been published by Messrs. Macmillan. They contain, in two volumes each, "The Day's Work," "Kim," "Actions and Reactions," and "Traffics and Discoveries." The price of each volume is half-a-crown net. The little books, which are of pocket size, are neatly bound in blue cloth and well printed, without illustrations. It is

safe to say that not only the Services, to whom the edition is fittingly dedicated by its title, but likewise the general reading public also, will hasten to make or renew acquaintance with Mr. Kipling in this attractive guise.



A CANADIAN ENGAGEMENT: MISS BEATRICE JOHNSTON SAUNDERS
AND LIEUTENANT ROBERT PERCIVAL LEFROY.

Miss Beatrice Johnston Saunders is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel B. J. Saunders, 101st Edmonton Fusiliers, now of the 9th Infantry Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, and Mrs. Saunders, of Edmonton, Alberta. Lieutenant Lefroy, of the 2nd Welsh Brigade, R.F.A., late of the Divisional Ammunition Column, Canadian Expeditionary Force, is the son of Canon and Mrs. F. A. Lefroy, Haresfield Vicarage, Stonehenge, Gloucestershire.—[Photograph of Miss Saunders by Bridgeman.]



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Photograph of Mme. Langué by Lamming.



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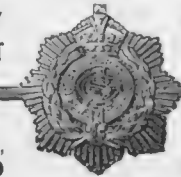
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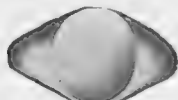
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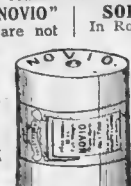
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FOWLS AND FEATHERS : GLASS SCREEN ANOMALIES : THE TARRING SEASON.

Some Fowl Stories.

An amusing yarn has appeared in the *Light Car* anent a feckless fowl which darted beneath a car, came out at the back uninjured, and then promptly stood still in the road and moulted all its feathers through sheer fright. As the story is vouched for by its narrator (who afterwards found, indeed, that the owner of the hen was well pleased with the incident, as it had cured the bird of laying eggs away from home), we may accept this curious phenomenon as a physiological possibility. By a singular coincidence, however, I heard two other remarkable hen stories from a friend only a day before I read the one mentioned above. He was travelling on a light car, the driver of which, in passing a certain spot in Yorkshire, described how he had been victimised by, and afterwards turned the tables upon, a woman of the locality who kept a number of fowls. One of these, in the first instance, he had been unlucky enough to kill, and had to fork out five shillings to assuage the woman's wrath. Not long afterwards, to his surprise, the same thing happened again, and once more he had to part with a crown piece. By and by he had to drive over the same road a third time, and approached the scene of the double tragedy with due caution. The woman's cottage was at the foot of a winding slope, from the top of which the driver saw her deliberately set a dog on to her flock of hens and drive them into the road. Immediately the whole plot was clear, and he not only tackled the woman with her duplicity, but succeeded in obtaining the return of his ten shillings under a threat of exposure.

A Remarkable Sequel.

This put an end, of course, to the "foul" scheme, but it was followed by a more remarkable occurrence. On the day on which the driver was relating his experiences to my friend, they had not gone more than seventy yards after his description was concluded when suddenly a big hen flew headlong into the middle of the glass screen and split it into halves, my friend being considerably damaged as a result. Since that time he has had as little love for fowls on the roadway as the driver had for cottagers who blackmail passing motorists. One may do one's best to dodge a fowl while it is on *terra firma*, but it is impossible to save the situation if the bird takes

My companion and I had halted for a little wayside refreshment; but, just before resuming the journey, I picked up a large empty mineral-water bottle with a view to hurling it down an adjoining bank. Before I had begun to swing it, and while merely lifting it from the floor of the car, I happened to touch the screen, and immediately it shattered into fragments. We ruefully surveyed the



THE DIFFICULTIES OF DESPATCH-RIDING SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS: IN THE MUD OF A "ROAD."

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

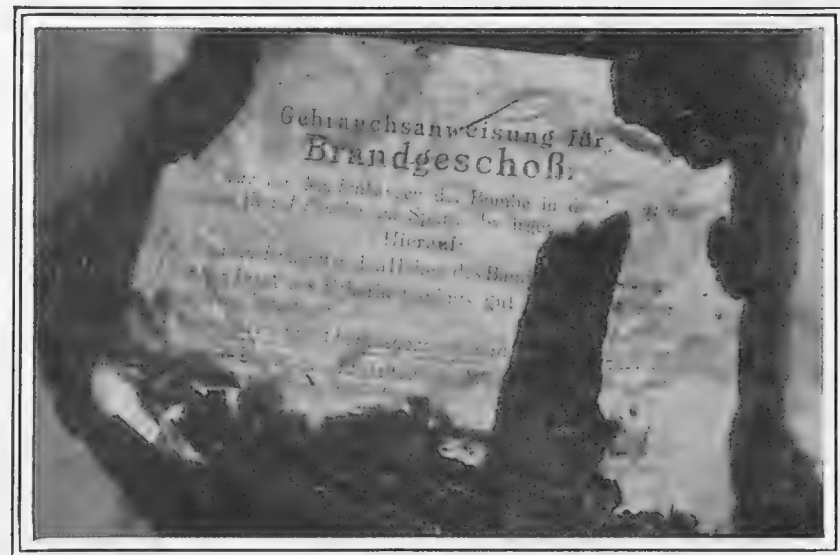
damage, remarking that the screen was unexpectedly tender, and then prepared to remove what amount of glass was still adhering to its frame. This proved an even more amazing experience than the previous collapse, for it took us the best part of half-an-hour, with our heaviest hammers, to clear away the ruins. A glass screen in its entirety may be vulnerable enough, but the amount of latent toughness in the remnants, after a smash, is simply incredible.

The Road-Tarring Season.

Whitsuntide may or may not prove as dry as last Easter, but in any case it will be shorn of the dust terror in those counties which have by now set their house in order. Road-tarring has now been going on for three or four weeks past, and when I drove the other day through Surrey and Kent into Sussex nine-tenths of the journey was enjoyed over dustless highways. On many stretches the tar was newly laid, but for the most part was properly coated with sand, and was thereby rendered innocuous. Unfortunately, it is not always so, and some road authorities content themselves with laying the tar down anyhow, leaving the motorist to drive through it to the ruination of his coachwork. In Roehampton Lane, a short time back, they adopted a curious and annoying method, the road being strewn with tar-coated gravel, which rattled against one's mud-guards, and also attached itself in considerable quantities to the inside and outside alike of one's car. The most lamentable feature of all, however, is the way in which some counties still spend nothing whatever upon tarring operations. Tar consolidates the roads, improves their wearing qualities, and, by scotching the dust evil, benefits the whole community. In those areas, however, where sound methods are not employed, the non-motoring public apparently prefers to regard the demand for tar as the selfish cry of the motoring community for its own exclusive benefit.

Another Rise in Prices.

The rise in the prices of materials and labour has caused the Dunlop Rubber Company to increase the prices of their motor and cycle sundries by approximately ten per cent. This rise would have been justifiable a good many months ago, but the Dunlop Rubber Company has put off the evil day until it can no longer be deferred. Mention of this recalls the fact that Dunlop activities by no means stop at the making of tyres. Besides these, the Company manufactures every kind of accessory necessary for keeping the tyres in order on the road.



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It is obviously impossible for us to give a very exact translation of this printed list of instructions, owing to its very damaged state. The first two lines read: "Method of using incendiary bombs." Underneath that is: "Shortly before attaching the bomb to basket take lead off the bolt (?)." Later comes: "1. The iron handle of the hook of the . . . 2. The red wire of the safety-bolt should be well attached to the throwing (?) apparatus. . . 3. When the red bolt is drawn out. . . Under that is: "Green wire to be expanded (? unfolded). . . "[Photograph by Topical.]

to its wings in this unconscionable way. It is almost impossible to know, moreover, what will happen where glass screens are concerned.

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Even one and the same screen may display totally opposite qualities of resistance, as I found one day last year when driving over Mont Genève, one of the chief highways between Italy and France.



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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

IT has been rather a *répertoire* week; for the Liverpool Commonwealth Company, at the Kingsway, has continued a career which deserves great success, and our old friends the Irish Players have come to town. A pity that these two should be in opposition at the same time: it has happened more than once that the annual visit of the Irish Players has proved to be a competition between them and a similar institution. For their second programme the Liverpoolians produced a comedy called "Nobody Loves Me," by Mr. Ronald Elson, a clever dramatist, who has not yet discovered the virtues of simplicity; one might apply to his work the French phrase about not being able to see the forest because of the trees. We had a lot of characters, more or less interesting and amusing, who could have been omitted—it was uncertain to which of the persons of the play the title applied. Moreover, the design is obscure. Yet the work was entertaining, and is a genuine comedy of character which contains some admirably drawn people, notably the flighty little lady who, deprived of the society of her daughter, was frivolously reckless, but not exactly vicious. Miss Estelle Winwood, an actress with a curious, troubling charm of personality, presented the part finely; and her scene of real emotion was beautifully rendered. She was the central figure of a somewhat complicated story of opposition to an autocratic, rich old lady who objected to anybody being happy excepting according to her prescriptions for happiness, and got beaten in the end. Miss Alice Mansfield played the part excellently, and her queer, tyrannical Scots maid was humorously presented by Miss Nina Henderson. The ingénue of the piece was acted charmingly by Miss Edith Smith.

The next venture of the Northerners was that very pleasant mid-Victorian comedy of Pinero's, "Trelawny of the Wells." It is a work which deserves to be seen more often, for so far as we remember, there has been only one revival of it since its original production; and there once was a rendering by young people at a *matinée* of the delightful first act in Brydon Crescent. A fascinating and witty study of a type of theatrical life which is believed to be now extinct; and this Company from Liverpool presents it extremely well. Miss Estelle Winwood's Avonia Bunn, for instance, could hardly have been bettered, and Rose was charming as played by Miss Eileen Thorndyke; and of the men, Mr. Lawrence Hanray gave a very able study of old Sir William Gower; Mr. Frederick Cooper was an excellent young Arthur; and Mr. Wilfred Shine, Mr. William Armstrong, Mr. Harvey Adams, and Miss Madge McIntosh all did good work in filling in the picture.

After "Trelawny of the Wells," the Liverpool Company gave us an able rendering of Wilde's mixture of melodrama, morals, and epigram entitled "A Woman of No Importance," and in both the melodrama and the epigrams they gave a good account of themselves. Miss Madge McIntosh was the much-wronged Mrs. Arbuthnot, and she played with very real feeling and an admirable dignity; while the epigrams were fired off very gracefully and without undue exaggeration by Miss Estelle Winwood, who was delightful, and by Mr. Lawrence Hanray, the Lord Illingworth, who was very smooth and worldly, but a little lacking in distinction. Miss Edith Barwell, as the dear old lady who thinks it all very clever but doesn't know what it means, was very amusing; and Mr. Percy Marmont was a very natural and sincere young Gerald Arbuthnot.

The Irish Players at the Little Theatre started bravely with two old favourites, "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" and "The Playboy of the Western World," each a masterpiece, both acted admirably. I had seen the short tragedy by Yeats, and Synge's roaring farce half-a-dozen times or so before, and yet was deeply moved by the one, and amused without pause by the other; but, of course, there is nothing new to be said about them. They have taken their place as classics, and time is not likely to alter their position. The company is full of old favourites—Miss Sara Allgood, Miss MacGee, and the always delightfully comic Arthur Sinclair, and Messrs. O'Rourke, Hutchinson, Kerrigan, and O'Donovan. But why did not Mr. O'Donovan act the Playboy? Mr. Morgan presented him very well, and yet there was something missing in the picture of the fantastic liar who pretended that he had killed his "da" with a "loy," and had comic adventures in consequence of his falsehood, the brilliant account of which has caused riots in Ireland; proving our Celtic brothers not over-rich in a sense of humour.

Mlle. Eve Lavallière, chief figure in the new comedietta at the Ambassadors', is one of the stars of the Parisian stage, and certainly a vastly clever player: rather a pity that she should present herself as "one of those ladies" in a play which shows simply, but rather wittily, the truth of the title, "Dieu! que les hommes sont bêtes." And yet there were moments when it seemed to me the last words of the title might suitably be replaced by "s'embêtent." We had the story of the Parisian "kept woman," faithless to her "protector," who when he announced that he had had enough of her, by an ingenious trick got him back again in tow with a pair of pearl earrings as a peace-offering; and also picked up an elderly man with money as a second beau to her string. Not exactly edifying, but quite amusing to those who understand the tongue; and the performance of Mlle. Lavallière is brilliant—but what a weird costume and unbecoming coiffure!

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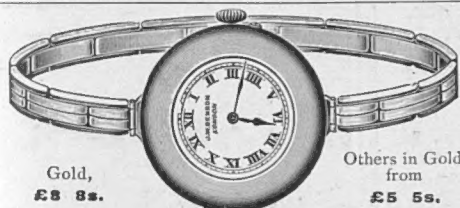
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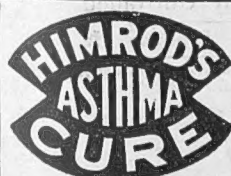
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Man of Iron."

BY RICHARD DEHAN.
(Heinemann.)

"Mr. Richard Dehan's" book suffers from *embarras de richesses*. If the question were put, "What is it all about?" one would echo in a stupid way, "What is it all about?" Well, it is about Bismarck, of course; the reader is privileged to assist at an amazing meal eaten at his table, and to see him near to death agony from swallowing the silver pin of his decoration for gallantry; but it is also as solidly about Mr. Knewhit, who lived to create dazzling head-lines for the *Early Wire*. It is about the Franco-German War, but 300 pages slip by before that war is even declared; and it is about a sandy-haired, honest youth who takes nearly as long to get into the swing of his romance as Tristram Shandy took to get born—with much less entertainment, by the way. The truth is that "Mr. Dehan's" story is too like the Chancellor's *menu*—an assortment of rich, crowded dishes, which she is ready, like the great Chancellor, to serve up anew for any excuse. The romance of politics, of war, of love, of espionage, is at her finger-tips, it is at her pen-point; but a dozen other good things are there too—a knack of the Dickens school for scenting sentiment in the obscure or submerged of a town, and, once off, she is ready to give a chapter on the charity of a London landlady which might be suppressed, every word, without affecting the story; a talent of historical snapshotting, and that tempts her into a chapter like that of the Prince Imperial's ride down the Champs Elysées; and intentions biographically directed on her hero which would be in place were the story a psychological one of temperament, but fade valueless as soon as the real action begins with booming cannon and intrigues of the beautiful Frenchwoman in Berlin. On the whole, it will be wise for the reader to take a hint from the ascetic guest of Bismarck's dinner-party—von Moltke. "You eat nothing, Herr Baron Field-Marshal, whereas I, who come of a family of great eaters, have taken twice of each dish." "Thanks, thanks, dear Count," said Moltke mildly, glancing downwards at the well-marked hollow behind his middle buttons; "but I do not like to overload my stomach, particularly at my time of life." It is an undesirable thing to do at any time of life, and it is pretty certain that this long story of 800 pages must be taken in instalments by

those who fear a surfeit. Juliette, a very charming heroine, charming in the melting parts of daughter, friend, or lover; and always charming in her moods of Latin gaiety—is the achievement of the book.

"Forlorn Adventurers."

BY AGNES AND EGERTON
CASTLE.
(Methuen.)

A real tale of woe is the last word of this popular pair of romancers. Two young people born for each other, reared for each other, and mated in the morning of life, suddenly fly apart with a shock like some uncanny experiment in physics. Of course, the picturesque leads with the prologue among "thyme and other delicate mountain herbs" in a purple glen of the Highlands. And the picturesque draws the curtain of the epilogue over two romantic evocations: a ruined chapel in the Highlands where a myrtle-lined grave gave rest to one stormy heart asleep among the birds and winds of the moor; and the d'Este chapel on orange-hung slopes of some far South "steeped in sunshine, washed by sapphire seas," sacred to a shrine delicate with gold and alabaster. It is all very pretty and very sad and quite unnecessary. Ian and Marna, in any world but a wilfully naughty, morbidly picturesque one, would have lived happily and reared happy children. And this is not the moment for enjoying the pensive beauty of such affairs. We are too alive, and life is too real and too worth living for them to make any appeal, though it be made with all the experience and technique of such authors as these.

Miss Nancy Clarkson, whose charming dancing performances at the Alhambra and Royal Court Theatre are fresh in the public mind, gave a display by her pupils at the Balham Assembly Rooms, S.W., on Saturday evening last with great success. Miss Clarkson has imparted to them that grace and lightness which are the characteristics of her own art.

The important and interesting British Red Cross Exhibition of Regimental Mess Plate and Military Trophies, held at the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W., has proved very attractive, and is, at the express wish of the Society, being continued until May 22.



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